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Dear Sweetheart of mine: —

Yesterday's letter promised a big fat one to-day - didn't it? well, here it is. I'll bet when you received yesterday's letter you settled down before opening it — for a big letter — it certainly felt like one —

Darling Joe — do you feel badly over the case you lost? Forget about it — it is only what you should expect — you can't win every case. It hasn't shaken my faith in you one atom — not a bit — and only the thought that you may worry over it bothers me. Forget about it sweetheart — remember you are a beginner in a big field — and that you have done remarkably well. You'll get to the top — don't you remember what one of your clients said? — but you must expect and above all don't discourage over inevitable losses. By the time this

my fault? - I didn't know any better - I thought that I did. When I told you I loved you as much as I did - I thought I was speaking the truth. And now I find I was all - all wrong - I have changed my mind! I was mistaken! Joe - Joe - will you forgive me? Forgive me for the big injustice I have done you. For, I find (please read this part Joe, before you sit down to write me something rash) because I now find that each day I love you as much as I told you, multiplied by the largest number in the world, multiplied by itself. If when you have spare time you can figure it out, dear heart let me see how it looks in numbers. Now my heart, are you blue? Are you satisfied?

About my position, Mrs Swallow tells me he is going to have a post office made in the dispensary for my letter reaches you. I hope you'll be feeling better and taking it as you should.

What was I doing when my Joe was feeling so badly? Up to 11.30 I was preparing things for the afternoon rest. From 11.30 to 12 I sat in a large chair in the dispensary introducing - and talking to Mrs. Swallow - but thinking of you all the time. It was a nasty, dreary, gloomy morning that day and rather than go over to Oxton Hall, sat in the dispensary. After 12 I had lunch - little dreaming how badly my Joe was feeling. Now lets us forget all about it.

As to how I am feeling - I should dearly wish to be assured that your health is as good as mine. Blue and lonesome at times it is true but I suppose I should rather expect it. And love you Joe? I am sorry to have to tell you I was mistaken — but you see it wasn't

special benefit. This morning he tells me, I know what you must be doing — you must be writing a volume of books! You must have written a few since you are here. Send I haven't had the time to see Mrs. Maass, and since the telephone call, have not heard from any of them. I had intentions of coming up there during the past week but have been so busy — doing, and accomplishing absolutely nothing — that I found it impossible. I shall try next week however. I do not remember writing you that another friend of mine is now holding the position there. Now, I shall tell you of some amusing experiences which happened in the dispensary. A few days ago a nigger (and there are loads of them coming in for treatment) had a Rx from one of the clinic doctors. He had this Rx filled before — which meant that he had received a bottle — after their first visit they are supposed to bring on their own bottle. And, now, that bottles are scarce and high in price, we must try to enforce the rule, — a little annoying. Well, this darky came up without his bottle — and only a few days previous he had been given a second bottle — but I told him I gave him another, much to his delight, providing he would be cautious and careful with it. (Such a fuss to make over a bottle) His face lit up with delight — and his eyes rolled with joy. He thank me, "missy" a million times, and promised. He had not ventured a foot when I heard a crash and knew what happened. A few minutes elapsed before he made his appearance again and then —

"Missy! Missy!" he gasped and wailed

and perhaps like a great number of good church people, falls fast asleep — and sleeps for the rest of the day. He indeed believes that nature is the best healer and with nature in a dispensary! — why! — produces wonders!

Up to now, everything about had a mysterious and Blue Beard air about it. Those big buildings set me wondering what they contained etc. Now I have found out that the building which looks like a library is the insane ward! This building faces our ~~the~~ entrance to the dispensary, and so often I was infuriated by the smiles and pleasant conversational remarks of the men who are inmates there and for recreation stand gazing out of the windows. — (but they are terrified; his hat imitating the earth revolving on its axis "Oh, missy, missy! "Ah dont touch de bottle - missy! — It slepped ma hands"! And de medicine it done fall out!" Did I give him his fourth bottle, do you suppose? It was worth a million bottles to see the look of relief and anxiety fall from his face — and to see those eyes start rolling again! I am sorry to say that the sorriest looking specimen of humanity (especially among the men) find their way daily to the dispensary. It is in a poor neighborhood. There is one man whom I called Bellamy's special protegé. He comes daily - early in the morning, often before I am in and seats himself in the same end of the same seat, just as a good devout Catholic would in his church pew —

tarred so I don't worry). They are recuperating patients, I thought, trying to flirt with me, but instead they are pitiful hopelessly insane men. This place makes me feel badly somehow, everytime I pass it now, but I fly pass it quickly giving it as little thought as possible — for whose heart wouldn't ache to see these people?

While embroidering yesterday, this school teacher from the boats confidentially asked me about my embroidering. I knew this had bothered her for a long time and finally — "are you embroidering this for your mother?" "my, no, I replied — for myself" "for your hope chest?" came next. "no, — for my trousseau" I returned. After a long silence, "But, your ring is on

the wrong hand". She informed me, kindly. "no, I smiled", and an interrogative look from her. "This isn't the time. It was none of her affairs, was it? Let her think what she chooses

I hardly know what to tell you concerning Dz. — You see, he is earning nice money here, now, and I think he expects an increase very soon. And as you say it may be a little time before he can earn a living. I hardly think it would pay him to change. What he is striving for, is to become a linotype operator in a newspaper. (He has said nothing defenate to me, — I only saw him among a house full of company for a few minutes Sunday. Barney, who

Saint Patrick's weather, it makes a big difference in the work. Saturday is an Ulster bard day. It seems ages since I saw a Jewish face about the hospital. Everywhere it is Irish! In the dining room every thing was draped with green and red, white and blue (like Hesby, Salute!) needless to say, I was about the only one who did not feel patriotism to the green. But believe me, I looked only at our colors, and wondered how anybody could feel any differently. I really saw nothing to admire — the Irish flag. It's the red, white and blue, everywhere! Everywhere! for me!

is now studying in Atlanta, writes that when he comes home this Summer, he intends to specialize in a certain branch of dentistry and try to take his third year here — and then practise in New York. He doesn't know, ofcourse, if it is possible to make these arrangements, but is going to try, however.

Joe, dear, to-day is Saint Patrick's day — and I don't have to tell you the sort of weather it is outdoors. As usual —

After all, Saint Patrick has a soft spot for Jewish maidens as well as for his "Irisher". By its being

To-morrow is my day off and ~~and~~ any wishing and praying that it won't be like to-day. It's the only one I get off in two weeks.

Now, sweetheart, I think I have kept my promise — It's a big letter — but don't know whether its any good. It will give you some trash to read, anyway.

My ~~arm~~ sure is tired, so my love, I shall close with all my love (You know the number)

Frances.

P.S. You picture did not come yesterday either — this morning the mail carrier ~~was~~ to late — but hope I shall see it to-night! Lovingly

F.